Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1914pete_4

The Missile

DECEMBER, 1914.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

Contents.

The Dance of Death—Poem—Helen Kutchan, '18 1
Helen Carrington's Christmas—Florence Eugenia Couch, '17 3
A Piece of Driftwood—Susie G. Simmons, '17 8
The Singing Clock—A Legend of the Black Forest—Chas. R. Jackson, '16 . 9
Her First Real Christmas—Florence T. Stratton, '15 14
Her Gift—Margaret R. Wilkinson, '15 19
Julia's Awakening—Pauline Bowman, '16 22
The Clouds—Poem—Ellen Moncure, '17 24
Editorials 25
School Notes 28
Athletics 31
Alumni Notes 34
Exchanges 35
A Few Pointers . . . . . Interspersed
Advertisements 37

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. IV. DECEMBER, 1914. No. 2.

The Dance of Death.

Skeleton Death gave a ball one day
In the Halls of Death to dance.
Deck'd was the rooms with his pennants gay,
And guns and cannon in brave array
Play'd the grim music that festive day,
By the order of King Finance.

"Now, ho!" cried Death, in a trumpet voice,
"On gayly with the dance!
Fire all the cannon and make a noise,
Now is the time for us to rejoice,
Dancers we'll have from the slaugter'd choice,
'Tis the order of King Finance."

Rubbing his hands in his fiendish glee,
He cried in exuberance:
"Oh let our ball go on merrily,
Bullet and shell in shrill symphony,
And blood and tears shall be furnished free,
By the order of King Finance.

"Millions of dancers will come to swell
The grim orgies of our dance.
Let loud resound the shrill shrieking knell
From the hoarse throat of the mangling shell,
Calling together the Dance of Hell,
'Tis the order of King Finance.

"Soon will the dancers of England come
And the dancers of gay-fleck'd France.
Austria, Russia will swell the sum,
Germany, too, with fife and drum—
All hail to the kings of Christendom,
And our lord, the great King, Finance.

"Down with the fools who shall ask, What for?
And on, on with our dance!
Ever we'll dance in the cannon's roar,
Interests and envy are valued more
Than blood and tears that are shed in war,
To our ally, the King, Finance.

"Mothers may weep for sons that are dead,
And widows bewail our dance;
Guns will soon gather a harvest red;
We'll pick the harvest left by the lead,
In blood and carnage the dance we'll tread—
So all hail, our great King, Finance!"

HELEN KUTCHAN, '18.

Helen Carrington's Christmas.

HELEN CARRINGTON stood in front of the window stifling a sob. He had gone, gone forever. The quarrel had begun over a trifle, really nothing. She drew a chair in front of the dying embers of a November fire and began to think. She recalled the first time they had met, their constant companionship, then the announcement of their engagement a few weeks ago. The marriage was to have taken place December the twenty fifth,—Christmas Day. There was to have been a large church wedding, followed by a grand reception. Now it was all over,—what was she to do? She kept saying over and over, what would people say when they learned that their marriage was postponed indefinitely? She must go away from it all, to work, to try to forget.

A bright idea came to her, one which she had cherished from childhood, only to vanish when she had met Billy Mason. That was to be a trained nurse. She arose hastily, went over to her desk, fumbled in some papers and at last brought forth a pamplet. She scanned its contents eagerly and then began to write. Three days later she received a letter of acceptance to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C. In a week's time she was ready to assume her duties as a nurse. When she reached Washington, she called immediately to see the head nurse, Miss Ions. Miss Ions was tall and angular, and she gazed with severest scrutiny at the

golden, curly head, the large dreamy brown eyes and the bewitching dimples of the new comer. After impressing upon this dainty creature that a nurse was a "mechanical, well-oiled machine, ready for any emergency," Miss Ions led her charge down the long corridor which connected the hospital with the nurse's home, gave her keys to room No. 6, told her where to report for duty, and left the frightened one to bemoan her fate.

After a brave struggle, Miss Carrington, (as she was now to be called) resolved to put away her sorrow and spread sunshine wherever possible in this house of sickness. In two week's time, with this method practiced, she had become the angel of mercy to all who knew her.

Christmas time drew nearer and nearer, which only increased Helen's thoughts of Billy Mason. Still no one guessed the meaning of the sometimes vacant stare of this bright young nurse.

At last Christmas was only four days off, and three or four nurses were assembled in Room 6, tying up gifts, making fudge in a chafing dish, and talking incessantly of their plans. Helen was feeling unusually bright this evening, for she had received that long waited-for apology from Billy Mason. Of course she wasn't going to answer it, but she was going home for the Christmas holidays and perhaps———for good.

Suddenly well-known foot steps sounded in the hall; No. 6 grew quiet, and the chafing dish was hurried swiftly into the connecting room by two nurses. Miss Carleton, Helen's room-mate jumped quickly into bed, while poor Helen began brushing her hair vigorously, as if preparing to retire. After a sharp knock, Miss Ions walked in. Her face wore the expression of a prisoner

just sentenced to the chair. Helen's heart sank. Had they been making too much noise, had she given the wrong medicine to a patient, or had she been caught eating the patient's untouched orange?

Finally Miss Ions spoke, "Miss Carrington, I have come on business, so important that a life is involved. There has been a very serious automobile accident to-day. Three men were hurt, only one seriously. He has concussion of the brain. You have proved very efficient in your work so far and I shall put you on this case. Do not lose your head. Remember that a nurse is a well-oiled, mechanical machine, ready for any emergency." Miss Ions left the room as abruptly as she had entered.

Poor Helen, her Christmas holidays all blighted, began hastily to don her uniform. When she reached Room 42, which contained the new patient, the Doctor informed her that his head had been bandaged and gave orders for the patient to be kept quiet until time for his medicine. The bandage would not have to be replaced until next morning.

Miss Carrington, left alone, sat comfortably in a low Morris chair, to amuse herself with her thoughts until her charge should awaken. She was happy even if she couldn't go home for Christmas holidays; perhaps now Billie would come to her. The patient at this point disturbed her peaceful thoughts by various mutterings, of which Helen could only catch the faint sounds of her first name, mingled with pleadings of forgiveness.

"Poor boy," thought Helen, "you must be out with your girl too."

Finally the room was silent and the little nurse, seated so comfortably in the big chair, dropped fast asleep. She

was awakened early next morning by pitiful moans, coming from the direction of the bed in the corner. Miss Carrington hurried quickly to her patient.

"Will not someone please remove this awful bandage from my head? It is too tight, too tight," the voice pleaded.

Helen was afraid to touch them; for she had received no orders. Finally she could stand it no longer and she began to remove the bandages with great rapidity. There was only one more now. At last she had this off, and she stood in the dim light of dawn, gazing at the one whom she had heard from, miles away, just that morning.

"Billy!" she gasped, and fell on her knees beside the bed. Billy had not heard, for he had dropped into a profound slumber after the removal of the tight bandages. She arose, replaced the bandages, and then sat down to study the situation. Must she give up the case? No! she would not, she could not. She would fight with him to the end. The Doctors and nurses must know nothing. She must fight alone.

The days that followed were hard ones for poor Helen Carrington. She prayed and worked with untiring energy. Miss Ions was pleased with her nurse.

It was Christmas Eve and the day of the crisis, which was to come at midnight. Stillness reigned over the house of sickness save in Room 42, which was broken by loud mutterings of a seemingly dying man, Helen's gaze did not leave the injured one. In a few minutes the doctors came in to make their final decision. The nurse left the room, leaving her *all* behind her. Twenty minutes passed, which seemed to her a century. She prayed with her whole heart, her soul, her mind. The doctors entered, their faces still pale and thoughtful. She

dared not ask them their decision. Finally one said, "He will live; it may take a very long time for him to recuperate or it may be only a short while. He calls continually for a woman named Helen. Imagine yourself that person, play the part and help him through the struggle."

Helen entered her patient's room, hurried to the bedside, and knelt there. "Billy," she said softly, "I have come to you."

The eyes of the man opened slowly, and a wonderful smile crossed his face. He uttered the words, "My Helen, at last!" and sank into a peaceful sleep.

Christmas now dawned bright and sunny. Billy had had a restful night and the doctors had promised that within a week's time he would be able to walk around. Still people wondered as they saw two women with tear-stained faces go into his room, followed by a preacher.

At last it leaked out. A marriage was to take place, not in the stately old Episcopal church in Helen's and Billy's home town, with beautifully gowned women seated in the invited guests' pews, but in a small scrupulously clean room on the second floor of the hospital, with the two mothers as witnesses.

Down the hall came Miss Ions, leading a new probationer. "A nurse is a well-oiled, mechanical machine," repeated the head nurse with great emphasis. The young applicant, quick to grasp the meaning of the happy faces of the couple and the solemn visage of the minister in Room 42, and oblivious to all Miss Ions had tried to impress upon her, said, with a new meaning, "Miss Ions, I think I shall stay. I like the place."

Florence Eugenia Couch, '17.

A Piece of Drift Wood.

A LONELY STICK was on the edge of a lovely stream and seemed to long for a nice ride on the silvery bosom of the rippling waves. Soon a heavy storm came, accompanied by a powerful rain, and into the dashing stream this flatened stick went with a crash. On and on it sped, sometimes going over falls very rapidly and again getting caught in the wastes beside the glistening brook. Day after day it bore leaves, waste, and insects on its back, aiding them in their journey to "No-where."

After days of idle floating, it came to a wide river. Nothing seemed quite as big or beautiful as did this to the simple twig as it drifted out into the mighty deep. But no one took notice of it. Ships, steamers, boats, and rafts passed it by without a mere glance.

One day an old fisherman, tired of his daily task, fell asleep in his little row boat while out on this river. Upon waking up he found he had floated quite a distance down stream, and had lost both of his oars. He drifted on until he spied this same insignificant piece of wood and reaching out his strong brown hands he grasped it as if it were gold. Very soon he had shaped it sufficiently to pull the boat up-stream.

In the lonely one-room cabin may be seen the remains of this same stick, which saved him many hours of anxiety.

Even the smallest thing was intended to do some good and always finds that good to do.

SUSIE G. SIMMONS, '17.

The Singing Clock.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST.

NOWHERE in all Germany were clocks made so well and in such numbers as at Kesselberg, in the Black Forest, a village on the Rhine.

But there came a time when the people grew tired of the old craft. Machine-made clocks had just come into use, and it became the fashion to use them instead of the hand-wrought ones. The price of Kesselberg wares came down, and some of the peasants, becoming discouraged at the small returns the work now brought, went away to go into service in the great cities. These sent word back of how much money they earned, and one after another of the villagers left until only the aged remained at home, and it seemed as if the industry would die out. But the grand duke of the country was a wise man, as well as a good one. He was proud of Kesselberg and its generations of clock-makers, and he wanted the work to go on, that the village might be famous in the future as it had been in the past. So he offered a prize of five thousand marks to whoever should make the finest clock during the ensuing winter.

The news spread like flames across an autumn field. Five thousand marks! That was more than a peasant could hope to earn in many years. News of the wonderful offer traveled far, until it had reached the ears of all who had gone away. They loved the Black Forest huts

far better than the great, strange houses in the city, and the sighing of the wind through the tall trees was sweeter to them than the strains of cathedral organs. So back they came to their native mountains, to take up the work of their fathers.

At that time there dwelt in the village Gerther Walden, a goat boy. He lived with his grandfather, Hans Gerber, who in his younger days was the most skilful clock-maker in the Black Forest. But sickness had kept him from work for several years, so Gerther made a scant living by herding goats in the summer and helping a neighbor with the clock-making in the winter. The old man was growing strong again, and when word of the duke's offer reached him he began to think of taking up his tools.

Gerther pondered long over the offer, and one day as he watched the cuckoo a thought struck him. He hurried to the cabin, for he wished to ask a question of the old clock-maker.

"Grospapa," he called, as he bounded in at the door. Hans Gerber was drawing plans on paper, but he turned from his work to listen.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Could a clock be made that, instead of striking the hours, could sing them out as the cuckoo does?"

The old man's eyes brightened as if he thought the idea a wonderful one.

"A singing clock," he murmured. "Yes, I am sure that I can do it, because, when a boy, I worked with an organ-maker in Cologne, and the knowledge then gained may help me."

They talked and drew plans until their last bit of pa-

per was used up. Then they went to bed strong in the belief that they could make a singing clock.

Autumn came, and the villagers sung as they gathered their wood. Yet none was gayer than Hans and Gerther, for although they knew that others had paint they could not get, nevertheless they were happy in the thought of a wonderful secret.

Fierce winds swept down from the Swiss mountains and the Black Forest was carpeted with snow. The Rhine froze over and the villagers were shut in from the world. But little cared the people for the long, cold weather, for all were working on their clocks. The well-fed fires kept the huts snug and warm, and the villagers sang and told stories while they worked.

But there was one hut where it was not cozy, where the fire burned so faintly that a chill crept over the man and the boy within. For Gerther had been busy with the goats and had had no time to gather wood for the fire. They had only a few dead branches they had picked up in the forest, which had to be used very sparingly. But the work went on. When the fingers stiffened with cold, they clapped hands until the surging blood made them warm. They carved out pieces, smoothed and fastened them in place, until one day Hans said: "The clock is finished;" and resting it on the table he added, "Let us see if it will call."

It worked finely, for a door in the clock opened and a tiny bird appeared and called cuckoo, cuckoo!

Gerther's eyes grew big as stars, and Hans nodded his head and smiled. "The singing clock is good, boy! We have done our work well."

Spring came. Easter Monday was set for the exhibi-

tion, and great preparations were made for the event, for the grand duke himself, with the duchess and the young princess, was coming to inspect the work. The exhibition was to be held in the village inn. The men carried their clocks there and placed them on tables, where they were arranged according to size and beauty. Gerther and his grandfather went with the rest, but when the boy saw the work of the others, his heart sank. All but the cuckoo clock were painted. Some had the cases ornamented with birds and flowers, and one was enameled in blue and silver.

"I'm afraid our clock won't take the prize," he said to his grandfather as they walked home through the budding woods. But Hans reassured him that their clock was far better within than the others that were more gay to look upon.

The next day a throng of villagers gathered in front of the village inn. Everybody was in holiday dress. The girls and women had on their finest skirts and bodices.

When Gerther and his grandfather came into the inn, a peasant whispered, "Poor Hans Gerber! see his clock without a speck of paint."

Then the grand duke looked over the clocks. No one spoke, but all watched intently the nobleman's face as he moved about the tables. Now he seemed to choose one ornamented with birds and flowers, and now the blue and silver enameled one.

Suddenly there was a slight whispering noise, and clear as a bell came, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!"

The grand duke started. The peasants' eyes grew big with wonder and the Princess Anna clapped her hands.

"Oh!" she cried with delight, "a singing clock!"

"Yes," answered the duke, "a singing clock. There are others more gay to look upon, but none is so wonderful as this."

Then, turning to Gerther, he asked, "Did you make it, my boy?"

"Grandfather and I," was the reply. "I thought of the idea, and he planned and did most of the work."

"Then to you and your grandfather belongs the prize!" And he laid the purple ribbon on the clock.

The peasants congratulated Hans, for although they had desired the prize, they were glad to see it go to those who deserved and needed it most.

Orders for cuckoo clocks came to Hans so fast that he was unable to fill all of them, and so the rest of the villagers took up the trade of making cuckoo clocks. Their wares became in great demand, and were even sent across the sea to America.

Gerther went to Heidelberg, and became a great and wise man. He did many things for his fatherland, but none was greater than the clock he made when he was a boy.

CHARLES R. JACKSON, '16.

VERY COMPLIMENTARY.

An old lady, wishing to pay a compliment to the new preacher, told him: "Really, sir, we didn't know what sin was until you came to this town."

A PROUD FATHER.

Jones: "I suppose the baby is fond of you."

Smith: "Fond of me! Why he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays awake all night just to enjoy my society."

Her First Real Christmas.

LATE ONE AFTERNOON on a cold December day in New York City a little newspaper girl was walking slowly down the brilliantly lighted Broadway. Snow had already commenced to fall, and the streets were being filled rapidly with the soft white flakes. It was the week before Christmas, the time when every one is so busy, and when excitement seems to prevail everywhere, and when the very air itself makes one's blood tingle. The poor little newspaper girl as she walked along drew her shawl tighter around herself, for the north wind was blowing harder, and driving the snow into the faces of pedestrians. Poor little thing! what a pathetic sight she made, clad in her ragged dress and shoes, and with a large gray shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, and a large package of newspapers under her arm. Her little pinched face and appealing blue eyes looked out from under their frame of tangled golden curls. She was afraid to go home, because she had not sold all of her newspapers, and she knew that Nan, the old woman with whom she lived, would beat her if she did not sell them all. Her miseries were forgotten for a moment when she looked into one of the shop windows, for she was taking a look into what appeared to her fairy land. There were large dolls, small dolls, boy dolls, and every kind of doll dressed in pink, blue, green, and yellow.

"Oh, I wish I could have that big doll in pink! She is so lovely," she whispered to herself.

About that time a cold blast of wind swept around the the corner, chilling her to the bone, and she thought she would try to run a little to get warm. On and on she ran, pausing every few minutes to catch her breath. As she wandered through the different streets, the snow came down thicker and faster and more blindingly. A numbness crept through her body, and she went on, not caring or knowing where she was going. Once when she was attempting to cross a corner, she did not see the large automobile that was approaching. Down she fell in a heap on the snow, and she felt a sharp pain run through her arm and head; then she was conscious of no more until she heard a voice say, "Madam, her arm is broken, but with careful attention it will soon be all right."

Elsie (for that was the name of the little newspaper girl) opened her eyes, and saw bending over her the most beautiful lady that she had ever seen.

"Oh, my dear little girl, do you feel better?" asked the lady in the softest voice.

"Yes, but who are you? Are you an angel?" inquired Elsie in a queer little voice.

"No, I am not an angel," said the lady laughingly. "I am Mrs. John Grey. I am going to send nurse up to wash and dress you; and then you must go to sleep, and not talk. Later on I shall send my litttle girl to see you."

In a few minutes nurse appeared and took Elsie up stairs in her arms. Soon Elsie was washed and dressed in a dainty little gown with lace ruffles and pink bows; then she was laid in the softest, whitest of beds. With a happy sigh she nestled her head into the pillow. She looked about the room. Toys of all kinds were scattered about, and she thought that she must be in the room of Mrs.

Grey's little girl. The furniture was white, and the papering pink with a border of children around the top. Presently the children began to dance up and down, and Elsie fell into a deep sleep and dreamed that she was in heaven.

When Elsie awoke she found a little girl with brown hair and brown eyes standing by the bed; and when the little girl saw that she had awakened Elsie, she was very distressed, and exclaimed, "I am so sorry that I woke you up!"

"Oh, are you Mrs. Grey's little girl? Is this lovely room yours?" inquired Elsie in one breath.

"Yes, I am Alice Grey, and this is my room. Do you really like it?"

"It is almost like heaven in here," replied Elsie.

Poor little Elsie! She scarcely knew anything about heaven; in fact all that she knew was that it was a place where everyone was happy.

"Did you say that your name was Alice?" asked Elsie.

"Yes, and what is yours?"

"Mine is Elsie."

"Elsie what?"

"I have not got any other name," said Elsie in a surprised tone, as if she thought it nothing unusual to have only one name. "You see I live with Nan, and she hasn't got but one name."

"Is Nan good to you?"

"She beats me, and sometimes doesn't give me anything to eat." Tears arose in Elsie's eyes.

"Wait a minute. I hear mother calling me."

Alice ran quickly down stairs. She was the only child of Mrs. and Mr. Grey, who were very wealthy; and al-

though she had everything that she wished, she was not in the least degree spoiled. She only wished that she had some one to share all her beautiful things with.

"Oh, mother," said Alice, "Elsie says that the old woman she lives with beats her and doesn't give her anything to eat. Can't you be her mother and give her good things to eat? And, oh mother, I will give her my best doll and some of my other things. Please let her be be your little girl."

Mrs. Grey took the face of the little girl between her hands, and kissing her lightly on her forehead, said, "You precious child! You are always thinking of some one else. I shall talk with your father and we shall see what can be done."

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Grey went to see Nan at the address that Elsie had given them. They found out that Nan was an old nurse of Elsie's mother, who had once been very wealthy. At her death, however, she had only a small sum of money, which she left Nan, who promised to take care of her little daughter.

When Mr. and Mrs. Grey returned home they called Alice to them and said, "You can tell Elsie that she will be your little sister to live with us always."

Alice, after throwing her arms around her mother's neck, ran joyously up the stairs to Elsie's room, and said in an excited voice, "Elsie, how would you like to be my little sister and to live with us always?"

"But, Alice, how could I be your little sister? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you will be mother's little girl and will live with us always and never go back to Nan."

"Do you really mean that Alice?" Elsie looked earn-

estly into Alice's face. "If you do, I think I would be so happy that I couldn't live."

The few days before Christmas passed rapidly, and now it was Christmas Eve. That night both little girls hung their stockings up by the chimney with trembling hands. They were so excited that it was a long time before either one went to sleep. Late that night Santa Claus stole into their room and filled their stockings to the brim.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Grey came into the children's room, and shouted "Christmas gift." With that Elsie and Alice jumped up and rushed to the chimney for their stockings. Mr. and Mrs. Grey watched with great delight the little episode, which then took place. Their hearts were filled with gladness at the thought that they had given so much pleasure.

What do you suppose that Elsie found at the foot of her bed? Why, the very doll dressed in pink that she had seen in the shop window, and had wanted so much. Dear little Elsie, her heart overflowed with gratitude for the kindness of these people.

Christmas night when the two little girls were preparing to go to bed, Elsie saw a picture above the mantel and she said, "Alice, who is that cute little baby lying on the straw?"

"Don't you know?" asked Alice in a horrified voice. "Why that is the Christ child."

"No, I don't know anything about Him. Won't you tell me something?"

So on into the night Alice in her childish way told the story of the Christ child and how He brought "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

FLORENCE T. STRATTON, '15.

Her Gift.

AS THE LAST quivering notes of the violin died away, the ominous silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock and the crackling of the fire in the old-fashioned fire-place. The girl turned a face flushed with expectancy to that of the old master. Slowly rising from his seat in a dim recess of the room, he came over to where she stood.

"My child," he said, taking her face in his hands, his voice broken with emotion and his eyes filled with tears, "I have done all I can—it is enough."

"So long have I waited for this hour," she sighed, "and now that it has come I feel almost afraid of myself."

As she slowly wended her way home through the busy streets thronged with Christmas shoppers, her whole being was so radiant with joy that people stared at her curiously and even enviously. To her it was not a cold rainy December day, for in her youthful ignorance, the world seemed glad and beautiful and the best seemed easily attainable.

Suddenly she heard the sound of a violin. So mournful and melancholy was the music that tears of sympathy started to her eyes. Turning a corner, she came upon a crowd of idlers grouped around a young boy playing a violin. He was just a street urchin, but his music was beautiful and showed promise of great talent if only properly cultivated.

And then up the street dashed a runaway headed

straight for the little musician and his small audience. The crowd quickly dispersed, but the child so intent upon his music, was not aware of the approaching danger. The people were too terrified to offer assistance when, like a flash, the girl reached out, dragged the boy to safety, and then———

When she awoke she found herself in a strange place. The room was bare, but scrupulously clean and neat. Over in one corner stood two men and a woman clad in white with a white cap resting on her iron gray hair. She distinctly heard one of the men say, "She will probably recover, but her right hand will be useless."

Useless! Then never again could she touch her beloved violin! Never could she have the opportunity of charming thousands with the sweetness of her music as she had dreamed of doing in her fondest imagination. Of what use now was it to live—why, oh, why had it been she instead of someone else? and all for a little unknown street urchin! The price was great—the sacrifice bitter.

And then upon the midnight air was borne the sound of bells. She listened, and never were bells so sweet. It seemed as if heaven itself, through the special agency of the beautiful bells, were seeking to comfort and sympathize with her. Listening, she heard voices and they were telling in song the sweetest of all stories—the story of God's gift to the world—the gift of Christ. And the music soothed her and she went to sleep with a smile on her face.

While she was sleeping a little ragged urchin, with a violin tucked under one arm, came up to her bed. With an appealing gesture he held out both arms and then slowly went from the room.

After she awoke she lay quite still for a long time thinking of the resolve she had just made. So happy did she look that the nurse dreaded to tell her of her useless hand. As she approached the bed the girl smiled with ineffable sweetness.

"I know," she said gently, "but it is all right. I too, can give a gift, and while it is not to the whole world, it is to one of the world. The little street urchin shall take my place and, when he becomes a great violinist, I shall not feel that my gift was in vain.

* * * * * * * *

Over the vast audience in a theatre in New York City a hush of expectancy falls. Slowly the curtain rises, revealing the figure of a handsome young man holding a violin. Beautiful girls lean half way out of the boxes and throw expensive bouquets at his feet; young men sigh enviously; old people nod their heads approvingly. But hush! On the air is borne such strains of harmony that make one tremble with the very grandeur of it.

For three hours the crowd sit spellbound and then, still under the influence of the music, arise and slowly make their way from the theatre.

Her gift was not in vain.

MARGARET WILKINSON, '15.

In a colored school in the South the pupils were being drilled in the meaning and use of words.

"John," said the teacher. "can you give a sentence containing the words 'defeat' and 'debasement?'"

"De feet slipped on de steps an' de boy fell into de basement!" announced John triumphantly.

Julia's Awakening.

IT WAS just a week before Christmas, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. Women and children hurried through the streets and into the shops. Everything seemed to be alive with the joy of Christmas. Some few poor children stood in the cold with their noses pressed flat against the shop windows, looking with envy at the toys within. From one of the largest shops came a young girl, fashionably dressed, with her arms laden with bundles. As she was about to enter her limousine, standing at the street curbing, a little crippled boy pushed out his frost-bitten hand, and begged for money. The girl pushed it aside, and entered her car and was driven home.

Julia Van Dyke was the only child of a very wealthy broker. Never in all her life had she been denied a single wish that was in her father's power to grant. She had been raised to enjoy life, and never dreamed that there were people who looked upon Christmas with dread instead of joy.

As she lay in bed after a long day spent in shopping, she thought of the little boy who had stood in front of her limousine that morning. Still thinking of him, she fell to sleep and dreamed.

She dreamed that it was summer, and she was walking in a beautiful meadow. As she walked on, she met the little crippled boy, who looked so happy that she asked him where he had been.

"To heaven," replied the little boy, smiling.

"To heaven?" answered Julia. "What's there?"

"In my Father's house there are many mansions," answered the little fellow, and with that he hobbled away.

"Mansions," thought Julia to herself, "why I've always wanted to have a mansion. How lovely! I think I'll go to heaven."

So she walked on and on, and just as she was beginning to become tired, she saw a gate with "Heaven" written above it. With a sigh of relief Julia walked in. All around her were houses. Some were handsome mansions, and others were small huts. The name of some person was written on each house. In vain she looked at the names on the mansions, but at the very end of the humble huts she saw a small, dirty-looking hut, a great deal dirtier than any her father owned in the slums of the city. She turned away with a look of disgust, but to her dismay she saw her name written on it.

"Is that my mansion?" she inquired half aloud, and a voice replied:

"This is all the material you have ever given to build a mansion."

Julia awoke with a start but not the same Julia that had gone to bed. Her true self, that had been to sleep so long, was at last awakened. She began to wonder what she had ever done for anybody but herself, and she could think of nothing. She saw how selfishly she had lived, and determined to do something that would furnish material for her heavenly mansion.

Christmas night, instead of giving a large dance as she had expected, she gave a Christmas-tree party for the poor children. When she saw how happy they were, she felt happier than she had ever been before.

PAULINE BOWMAN, '16.

The Clouds.

All night long in the silver sky,
Silently on they creep—
Broken clouds that go wandering by—
Shepherd and Dreamland Sheep.

White and soft is their fleece, I ween,
White as the driven snow;
Many and many a world between,
Wandering still they go.

And e'er they pass through the deep blue sky;
Never they rest or sleep—
Thousands of clouds that go wandering by,
Shepherd and Dreamland Sheep.

ELLEN MONCURE, '17.

STAFF.

W. Arthur Elliott, '15 . . . . . Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Lena May Donnan, '15. Dorothy McK. Spooner, '16.

Florence T. Stratton, '15 . . . . . Exchange Editor
Katherine Jones, '15 . . . . . Alumni Editor
Harvey Booth, '15 . . . . . Boys' Athletic Editor
Helen C. Roper, '16 . . . . . Girls' Athletic Editor
Sarah E. Seward, '16 . . . . . Head Reporter
Randlett F. Jones, '15 . . . . . Business Manager
Samuel S. Elliott, '15, E. Hobson Gill, '16 . . . . . Assistant Business Managers
Fred L. Riddle, '17 . . . . . Circulating Manager
G. Spooner Dunn, '16 . . . . . Editor of "A Few Pointers"
Charles Jackson, '16, Hugh E. Jackson, '18 . . . . . Art Editors

Published six times during the school year, at regular intervals, by the pupils of the Petersburg High School.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50c. per session; 10c. the single copy.
Address all communications to Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Petersburg, Va.

BELIEVING that a greater interest in contributing to the *Missile* will be manifested if some mark of recognition be given for good work, the Editors are glad to announce that, through the generosity of one

of the members of the School Board, they are now able to offer prizes for the best work contributed during the term. It is not our intention to give prizes of any great value, for we feel that this is unnecessary. Since the magazine belongs to the students of the High School, we think it the duty of everyone to contribute without any thought of remuneration. The prizes will be given simply to create a greater interest. We have decided to give $2.50 for the best poem from the school at large, and $1.00 for the best story from each year's class. While these awards are not large from a pecuniary standpoint, yet they carry with them a distinction that is far above the value of the prizes themselves and anyone should feel proud of being awarded one of them. We sincerely hope that everyone in the school will hand in at least one poem or story for consideration and that this will be the means of stimulating a greater interest in *our* magazine.

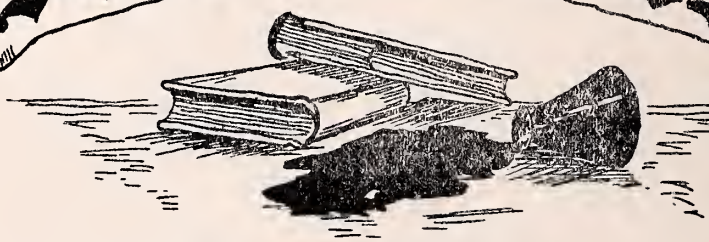
THERE are many benefits which can be and are being derived from the formation of alumni associations; yet our High School has none. Why should we lack an organization from which other schools are getting so much benefit? Nearly all colleges and many high schools have formed alumni associations and they have proved in every case a very substantial aid.

These associations help to further interest in the school and mould public opinion to a higher standard of education. If one were to take a look at our high school, he would certainly say that it needs the interest and co-operation of the public very badly. In Petersburg, there are many people who have gone out into the world and

made a success, and doubtless many owe their success to the training received in the high school. Surely these people still have an interest in the school, but have drifted away from it simply because there is nothing to hold them together after they have once left it. These people—in fact, all those who have been through the high school—can and would be willing to do much for it, if they only had some means of keeping up their interest and of getting them started; and surely there is none who knows the needs of the high school better than those who have been through it. These associations are also the means of bringing the old students together and keeping up their interest in each other. Since this is the state of affairs, would it not be wise for us to give the matter our careful thought and prompt attention?

We sincerely hope that the students of the High School will take advantage of the opportunity to promote the interest of *The Missile* by showing our advertisers that an Ad. with us pays. Make them realize that the advertising section of our magazine is well worth while, for we do not want them to feel that they are not deriving an adequate return from the money invested with us. By advertising in our magazine they are doing their part by us. Therefore it stands to reason that we should do our part by selecting a concern that advertises in *The Missile* with which to deal. And be sure to tell them that you saw it in *The Missile.*

School Notes



See the teachers giving tasks—
Weary tasks!
What a world of weariness their love of working masks!
How they drill us, drill us, drill us
With the tasks that never end!
And we dream of things that thrill us,
While we try the things that kill us,
Problems that will not unbend:
So we work, work, work,
Or we simply skip and shirk
All the muddled miscellany that we have to learn en masse,
All the weary and the never ending tasks.

IDA B. ROUTH '16.

. . . . . .

Sometime in the near future the IVB class hope to publish an English Grammar. Mr. B. will contribute the simple sentence, "he had been spoken," and Miss R. wishes the principal parts of alight to be "alight, alit, alit."

. . . . . .

Found—On a desk in Room I, 2 pins, 1 hairpin, a pencil one inch long, one glove, and a gray sweater. Owner will please apply to Miss M.

Wanted by Mr. R. of IVB German class a soft pillow. Also some one to wake him at the end of the period.

. . . . . .

Mr. E. of IA Spelling class gave for the meaning of Catiline—"a small cat."

. . . . . .

Mr. C. in IA English class, in telling the life of Scott, said, "He went to Italy for his health and also to visit Goethe, but he died; he then returned to Scotland and wrote *Lady of The Lake.*

. . . . . .

Miss S. in IIA—"What do you know more about than anyone else?"

Mr. J.—"Myself."

. . . . . .

Miss R. in IIA—"Where did Columbus first land when he discovered America?"

Mr. S.—"Bermuda Hundreds."

. . . . . .

Mr. Meakin of IIIB thinks compulsory education should be enforced,—especially where there are no schools.

. . . . . .

Miss B. in IVB French—"Miss M., where is Arabia?"

Miss M.—"In the desert."

Miss B.—"In what desert?"

Miss M.—"In the Arabian desert."

. . . . . .

We are all glad to have Mr. Wood of IB back with us after a very pleasant trip abroad.

. . . . . .

Wanted—By the IB's, a soft wood floor to avoid breaking their numerous mirrors which they drop daily.

. . . . . .

Wanted—An automatic hair dresser to save Miss F.

of IB the trouble of fixing her hair in the studio for the benefit of Mr. W's large blue eyes.

. . . . . .

The sympathy of the entire student body goes out to Miss Myers and her family in their bereavement.

. . . . . .

One of the most wonderful performances that has ever been the privilege of the Petersburg High School to witness was a typewriting exhibition given by Mr. Trefzger, one of the winners in the International Typewriting contest. It was much enjoyed by all.

. . . . . .

It is with pleasure that we welcome Mr. Martin every Monday morning at our opening exercises. His talks are very entertaining and instructive, and they keep us familiar with all the events of both general and local interest.

. . . . . .

We are very glad to welcome Miss Margaret R. Wilkinson into our IVA class. Miss Wilkinson comes to us from the Girls' High School, Louisville, Ky.

. . . . . .

Wanted a night cap for Mr. R. J. of the IVA so as to prevent any of the lengthy strands of his hair from getting misplaced.

. . . . . .

The many friends of Mr. Elmer Bristow of IIA, who met with quite an accident while at play on the school grounds, are delighted to know that he has entirely recovered.

. . . . . .

Mr. Miller has given the IIIA English class the following motto: "Guess, lest you flunk."

Athletics

BASKET BALL.

The girls are hard at work at basket-ball again. Practice was discontinued for Thanksgiving, but they are back at it with more enthusiasm than ever. They have had two games already. One of these games was played between the girls of the high school, the first and second year girls playing against the third and fourth year girls. The score of this game was a tie—twelve to twelve. The other game was between a team from the high school and a team from the Girl's Recreation Club. This time the high school won by a score of twelve to seven. There was another game sceduled to be played at Chester, but through some misunderstanding the Chester team failed to meet our team. Mr. Miller is now helping Miss Pilcher coach the girls, and they hope to have a few more games before the season closes.

FOOT-BALL LETTER MEN.

Richard Gill
Page Reese
Samuel Elliott
Randlett Jones
Montgomery Jackson
Marshall Jordan
Charles Walthall
Clarance Walthall
Wallace Dyer
Leslie Steere
Arthur Elliott, Capt.
Herbert Jones, Mgr.

The career of our 1914 foot-ball team is ended, and as we consider the difficulties under which they labored and the obstacles which they had to overcome, we feel that the record made by them is a very satisfactory one. Although the team did not win the majority of games played, the members of the team showed a good fighting spirit, and fought harder perhaps when they were losing than when they were winning. If they could only have had a second team with which to practice, they would undoubtedly have shown up much better; as it was, the only scrimmage they got was in the games.

The third game of the season was played on our home grounds on Monday, October 19, with the Farmville High School. This game was to have been played on Saturday, October 17, and many disappointed rooters journeyed out to the ball-park only to find that the Farmville team could not get here until Monday. For this reason we did not have quite as large an attendance as usual at the game, but those who were there were well repaid for their coming as this was decidedly the closest and prettiest game seen on the home grounds this season, P. H. S. winning by the score of 13 to 0. The teams were quite evenly matched and the ball was constantly shifting from one side to the other. However in the first and third quarters our men clearly showed their superiority by carrying the ball over for a touchdown.

The team's worst defeat was suffered in Lynchburg at the hands of the strong Lynchburg High School team. There our men put up a good fight, but from the very beginning of the game they rcognized that they were simply outclassed in weight, speed, and endurance. Score, L. H. S.—68, P. H. S.—0.

On October 31st we suffered the disappointment of the season in our defeat at the hands of Richmond Academy team by the score of 21 to 0. Why our team did not show up better in this game it is hard to say. We can explain it only by saying that it was their off-day, for if they had played their usual game the score would have been at least a tie.

On November the 6th, the team journeyed to Waverly, and there played one of the best games of the season. Individually and collectively, they showed up well. Only three of the four quarters were played, but in that time the High School team showed its real foot-ball ability, and, moreover, a determination to win. At the end of the third quarter the score stood: P. H. S. 27, Waverly 6.

On November 14th the final game of the season was played with the Blackstone Academy team at Blackstone. In spite of the fact that we put up our hardest fight in this game, our men went down in defeat before their much heavier opponents, beside whom they looked almost like pigmies. The score was 48 to 0. P. H. S. scored three points in the first quarter by a field goal, and at the end of the first half their heavier opponents were leading by a margin of only ten points. However, in the second half the endurance of our men was overcome by the weight and speed of their opponents and this accounts for the large score.

The student body of the Petersburg High School takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. Gilliam and Mr. Miller for the interest they have shown in the welfare of our foot-ball team and the efforts they have put forth to make the team a success.

The following is the 1914 schedule and its results:

Oct. 3.	P. H. S.— 0	John Marshall H. S.	41
Oct. 9.	P. H. S.—32	Chester H. S.	0
Oct. 19.	P. H. S.—13	Farmville H. S.	0
Oct. 24.	P. H. S.— 0	Lynchburg H. S.	68
Oct. 31.	P. H. S.— 0	Richmond Academy	21
Nov. 6.	P. H. S.—27	Waverly H. S.	6
Nov. 14.	P. H. S.— 3	Blackstone Academy	46

Alumni Notes.

KATHERINE JONES, – – – *Editor.*

Miss Mildred McCaleb, a former graduate of the Petersburg High School, is now teaching Domestic Arts at Atlantic City School No. 2, Norfolk, Va.

It is with pride that we follow the careers of the old graduates of P. H. S. George J. Seay, of the class of 1877, was recently appointed President of the Regional Bank in Richmond, Virginia. This was the first Regional Bank in the United States to open its doors.

Mr. Mason Britton of the class of 1900, manager of the Hill Publishing Company, with offices in London, Liverpool, and New York, has made quite a name for himself. His addresses on business have been widely and favorably commented on by Northern papers.

Miss Mary Moylan Banks is substituting at the Robert E. Lee grammer school, this city.

Mr. Henry Maclin, a former student of the High School, on account of an accident in a foot-ball game at Woodberry Forest, has been at home for the past month.

In these stirring times of war P. H. S. is not behind, having furnished a recruit to the army of Benedicts from the class of 1908, Saunders Gerow.

Miss Mary Sutherland and Miss Helen Thomas of 1914 and 1913 respectively, are now teaching at Sutherlands, Virginia.

Mr. Bernard Potts, our former deacon, is now principal of the graded school at Church Road, Va.

Exchange Department.

FLORENCE T. STRATTON, EDITOR.

Lassel Leaves for October. Your magazine is very good, and your editorial is excellent.

The Bayonet. Your magazine gives promise of being very good, but it would be improved considerably by a few short stories.

The Messenger. We are very glad to welcome you to our exchange table and we trust you will be a regular visitor. Your Jesters' Table is excellent.

The Critic. "A Soldier's Heroism" tells the story of a brave woman who lost her four sons fighting for their country in the present war. This is one of the many examples of the wonderful heroism and fortitude developed by war, and shows how the influence of a brave father and mother on the character of their sons has taught them to bear death unflinchingly.

The Pattersonian. "Our Trip to Inferno" is certainly very amusing.

The World. Your magazine for December is excellent and displays wonderful ability. Special mention should be made of the story entitled "The Mystery."

The Raquet. The stories in the October number, "The Masquerade," "Paid in Full," "Wanted—Excitement," and "While the Lights Were Low," are well written stories, but "The Masquerade" is especially interesting and holds the interest of the reader to the end.

The Clarion. "The author of "Percival's Triumph" worked his idea into a very amusing and interesting little story.

The Central High School Bulletin. Your illustrations are very amusing, but your "locals" are poor.

The November number of the Woodberry Forest *Oracle*, with the exception of the literary department, is very good. Why neglect this department, which is certainly one of the best and most interesting departments of a magazine?

The Mary Baldwin Miscellany is one of the most interesting magazines of our Exchange Department.

In the *John Marshall Record* for November the sketch, "The Woods," is full of beauty and imagination. One can almost hear the songs of the birds and smell the perfume of the flowers. Its author must be a close observer of nature.

The William and Mary Magazine. The story, "Because of a Postage Stamp," illustrating how love conquered the almost indomitable pride of a man and brought shame and remorse to a headstrong girl, and finally united them, is clever and well written. It deserves a great deal of praise. Congratulations to its author!

We also acknowledge the following magazines: *The Blue and the Grey*, *The Virginia Guide*, *The Stuyveseant Stag*, *The Reveille*, *The X-Ray*, *The Oracle* of the Duval High School, Jacksonville, Florida, *The Criterion*, *The Bumble-Bee*, *Maroon and White*, *The Focus*, *The Student*, *The B. H. S. Tatler.*

Ask Yourself This Question
BEFORE YOU BUY
Do They Advertise IN THE MISSILE?

THE BOY WITH A BANK ACCOUNT

BECOMES

THE MAN WITH A FORTUNE

A Savings Account in our Bank may open the way to a College Course or start you in business.

American Bank and Trust Co.

WM. B. MCILWAINE, President.

W. J. RAHILY, Vice-President.

WALLACE D. BLANKS, Cashier.

When in Need of FLOWERS Give Us a Trial.

FROMMELT BROS., Florists

Commencement Flowers, Bridal Bouquets, Wedding Decorations, and Designs of every description

ANYTHING YOU NEED JUST CALL PHONE 1193

Frommelt Floral Gardens

124 New Street *PETERSBURG, VA.*

Patronize those who patronize us.

Found at BURGE'S

"YOUNG'S" Hats	"BENJAMIN" Clothes
"PERRIN'S" Gloves	"INTERWOVEN" Socks
"GOTHAM" Shirts	"CORLISS-COON" Collars

YOU KNOW WHAT THESE NAMES MEAN

W. Y. BURGE & CO. "Where Quality Prevails."

C. F. LAUTERBACH, Jeweler

All kinds of College and Fraternity Jewelry a Specialty.
Estimates cheerfully furnished for Class Pins.
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CUT GLASS, SILVERWARE,
AND JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS.
Special attention given to our Watch and Jewelry Repair Work.
Rosenstock Bldg., SYCAMORE STREET.

JOHN MOYLER. **D. A. LYON, JR.**

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY WITH

J. E. MOYLER & CO.

INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Fire Insurance Agents and Brokers.
Adjusters.
Licensed Conveyancers.
Notary Public.

MASONIC BUILDING. PETERSBURG, VA.

Patronize those who patronize us.

REACH BASEBALL GOODS

Uniforms for Baseball Nines at Special
LOW PRICES.

Sporting Goods

Tennis and Football Supplies
PREMOS, KODAKS, BROWNIES

Chas. Leonard Hardware Co., Inc.

12 - 14 - 16 BANK STREET.

Superior Texts

Metcalf's
AMERICAN LITERATURE

Metcalf's
ENGLISH LITERATURE

Payne's
Common Words
Commonly Misspelled

B. F. Johnson Publishing Company

ATLANTA RICHMOND DALLAS

Patronize those who patronize us.

WASHINGTON & LEE UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED AND ENDOWED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON
ADMINISTERED BY ROBERT E. LEE

Situated in the unrivaled Valley of Virginia, with its lofty traditions and inspiring memories, it gives a 20th Century training amid the social culture of Old Virginia, at its best, and gathers to its campus a select student-body from 35 States and foreign countries. For Catalogue, &c., address:

PRESIDENT HENRY LOUIS SMITH

Lexington, - - Virginia.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, FOR WOMEN

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA.

Graduates of accredited four-year high schools are admitted without examination to any of the following courses:

Professional Course I—Leading to Kindergarten Work.
Professional Course II—Leading to Primary Work.
Professional Course III—Leading to Intermediate and Grammar Grade Work.
Professional Course IV—Leading to High School Work.
Professional Course V—Leading to Work in Rural Graded Schools.

For catalogue, giving information as to State Scholarships and details of work, address J. L. JARMAN, President, Farmville, Va.

1776 **Hampden-Sidney College** 1914

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA.

The oldest college in the South, save one. High standards and thorough work. A strong faculty. A select student body. A delightful climate. Beautiful and extensive campus. Ample athletic grounds and remarkable athletic record. Large dormitory equipped with every modern convenience—steam heat, gas, hot and cold baths, etc. 14 unit entrance requirement. Degrees conferred: B. A., B. S., M. A., B. Lit. Winter term begins January 5, 1915.

For catalogue or further information, address:

President H. T. GRAHAM, D D.,
Hampden-Sidney, Va.

Patronize those who patronize us.

Mrs. Robert B. Stiles

PHONE **FLORIST** 910

Cut Flowers, Plants, Funeral Work, Wedding Bouquets, and Decorations furnished on short notice.

Greenhouses - 636 W. Washington St.

T. S. BECKWITH & Co.

We invite every teacher and pupil in the School to make Our STORE his Home. Come, let us help you. We gladly give any information. Very truly,

T. S. BECKWITH & COMPANY.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF PETERSBURG

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Organized 1889. The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia.

Capital, ... *$100,000.00*

Surplus and Profits, ... *$270,000.00*

T. F. HEATH, President — B. B. JONES, Cashier

W. L. VENABLE, Vice-President — E. H. BEASLEY, Asst. Cashier

WITHOUT our telling you about it—You know this is Petersburg's Very Best Clothing Establishment.

We are placing this ad. in your booklet to find out whether or not it pays us to advertise in it. The only way we can tell is for you to come to our place and buy your wants and tell us you read our ad. in this book. If it pays to advertise in your magazine, we promise to double onr ad. next year. If it doesn't we sahll discontinue this ad. So it's up to you to keep us in or out.

EIGENBRUN BROS. ***Clothiers to Man and Boy.***

Patronize those who patronize us.

CHAS. D. REESE

Manufacturing Jeweler

BADGES, MEDALS, CUPS,

College, School, Society Pins and Emblems

57 WARREN STREET,

NEW YORK.

Education has and will have largely
to do with the success of our country

Just so does the happiness and
COMFORT OF THE HOME

DEPEND ON THE USE OF GAS

FOR LIGHTING, COOKING, HEATING,

GAS IS UNSURPASSED

ASK THE GAS MAN.

PETERSBURG GAS COMPANY

Patronize those who patronize us.

J. O. JAMES

SHOES
SLIPPERS
TRUNKS AND BAGS

43 Sycamore St. **PETERSBURG, VA.**

DON'T WAIT Until you are disgusted buying high priced Shoes. Try REINACH'S now and spend the difference on somethlng else.
"NOT CHEAP, BUT GOOD" is our Slogan.

J. Reinach & Sons
SHOES THAT SATISFY

E. E. JOHNSON

Home Made Candies

ABSOLUTELY PURE. TRY THEM.

PHONE 1236 407 W. WASHINGTON STREET

KRESGE'S

(The "Upper" Store)

5 and 10 Cent Store

— FOR —

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Patronize those who patronize us.

FOR

HARDWARE, ENAMELWARE, WOODENWARE, CUTLERY, PAINTS, ROOFING, STOVES, PUMPS and goods usually carried in a first-class Hdwe. Store,

TRY

Petersburg Hardware Company

Phone 61. 14 N. SYCAMORE STREET.

ATHLETIC GOODS

D. W. BRANCH

36 South Sycamore Street.

STOVES of all kinds

HOT WATER, STEAM

AND

WARM AIR HEATING

PLUMBING THAT LASTS.

Phone 52. **ROBERT E. BRUNET & CO.**

JAS. Y. BRANCH

Guns, Bicycles, Everything in Sporting Goods,

TOYS AND CAMERA SUPPLIES

Rosenstock Block, Sycamore Street

.....OPPOSITE LYRIC THEATRE.....

PETERSBURG, - VIRGINIA.

Patronize those who patronize us.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES If you add a business training to the splendid education you have, you will be prepared to meet the battles of life successfully.

YOUNG MEN If you fully realized the advantage of Stenography for opening up a profitable field of employment, you would not be long in beginning a course with us, after leaving High School.

YOUNG LADIES Are you desirous of becoming self-supporting? If so, you will make no mistake in learning Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping at our College. We will train you to do the work just as business men do it and want it done in their office.

ACTUAL OFFICE EXPERIENCE.

BOWMAN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

South and Hinton Streets.

Phone 1851. ED. R. BOWMAN, Principal

THE TEACHER'S INSTRUCTIONS:

YOU MUST BUY YOUR Clothes

— FROM —

WALTER E. EANES & CO.

THEY FIT BETTER AND WEAR LONGER.

Petersburg Business College

DAY AND NIGHT SESSIONS

Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Penmanship, Civil Service Courses.

45 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET.

Patronize those who patronize us.

CHRISTMAS
WEDDING
GRADUATION
GIFTS

STANTON PILCHER

New York Clothing Co

WE have not contented ourselves with merely wishing for your business. We have gone into the clothing markets of the whole country and selected the best that was offered in order that there might be no question as to your confining your clothes buying to this live store.

Come in and see our

Kuppenheimer Clothes at $18 to $35

They're better than ever and thus obviously better than others.

THE VIRGINIA
NATIONAL BANK

Solicits Your Savings Account

$1.00 Will Start an Account

WE ALLOW 4%

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $500,000.00

Patronize those who patronize us.